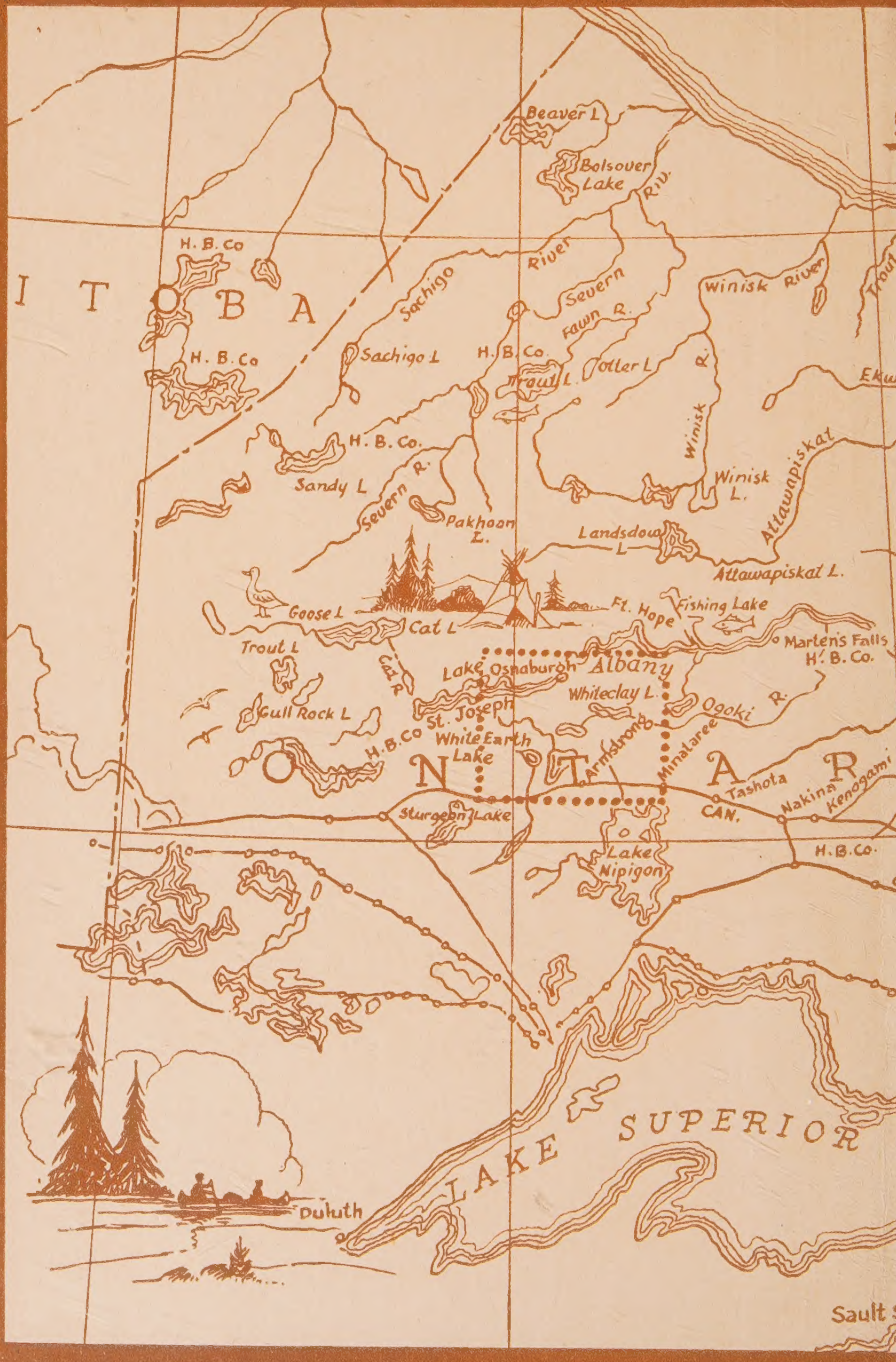


BOB NORTH STARTS EXPLORING

ROBERT CARVER NORTH



I T O B A

H. B. Co

H. B. Co

Sachigo L

H. B. Co

H. B. Co.

Sandy L

Pakhoon L.

Landsdown L.

Winisk L.

Attawapiskat L.

Goose L

Cat L

Fl. Hope

Fishing Lake

Marlen's Falls H. B. Co.

Trout L

Gull Rock L

Lake Oshaburgh Albany

Whiteclay L.

St. Joseph

White Earth Lake

H. B. Co

N

Sturgeon Lake

Arbuckle

Lake Nipigon

Wynataree

A

Tashota

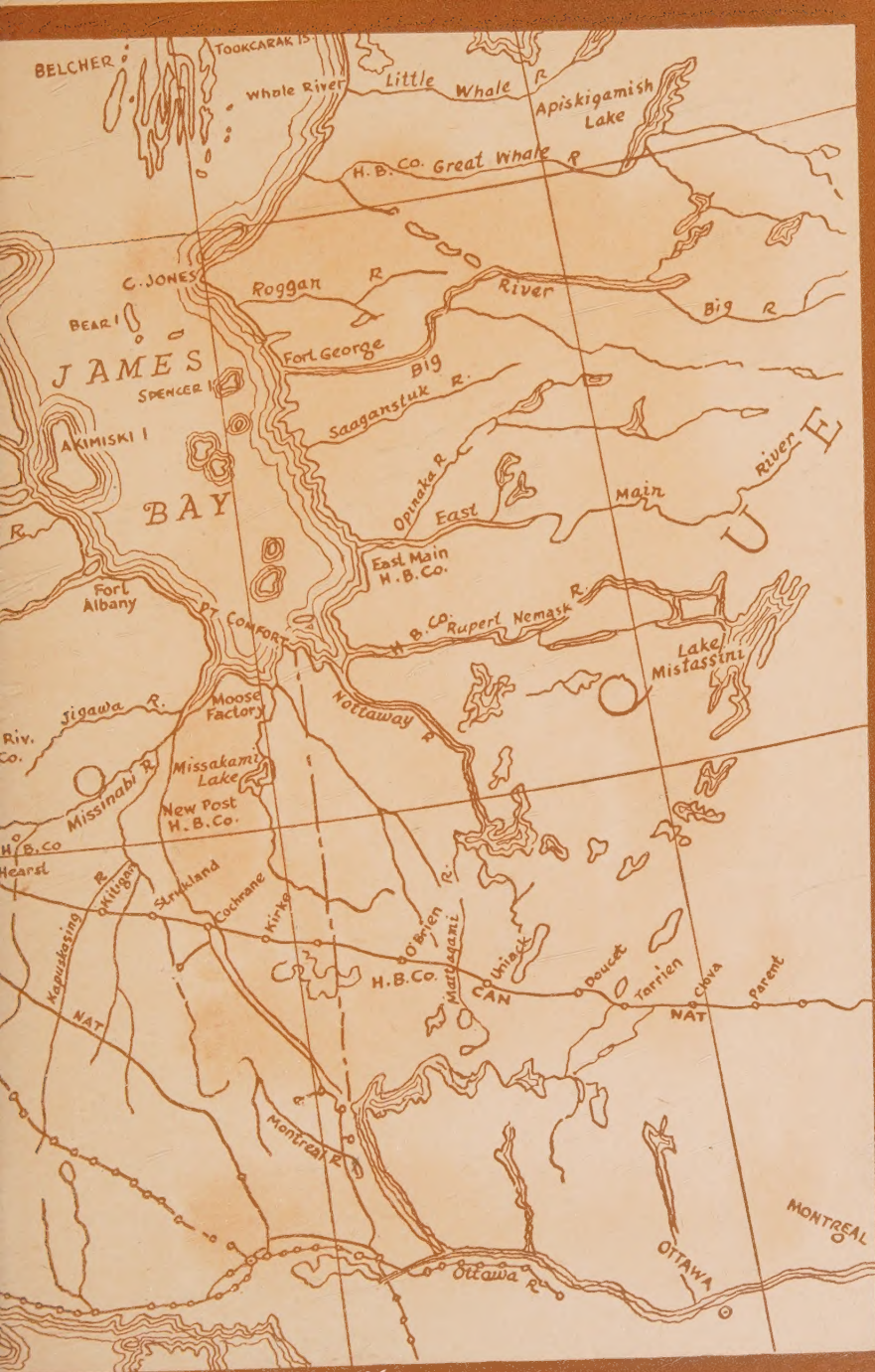
Kenogami

H. B. Co.

Duluth

LAKE SUPERIOR

Sault S





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BY DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

DAVID GOES VOYAGING
DAVID GOES TO GREENLAND
DAVID GOES TO BAFFIN LAND

BY DERIC NUSBAUM

DERIC IN MESA VERDE
DERIC WITH THE INDIANS

BY ROBERT CARVER NORTH

BOB NORTH STARTS EXPLORING

BY BRADFORD WASHBURN

AMONG THE ALPS WITH BRADFORD

BOB NORTH STARTS EXPLORING



Robert Carver North.

BOB NORTH STARTS EXPLORING

AN ELEVEN YEAR OLD BOY IN THE BUSH OF
NORTHERN ONTARIO

BY
ROBERT CARVER NORTH

WITH A FOREWORD BY
"BOB'S FATHER"

WITH 24 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK — LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press

1927

BOB NORTH STARTS EXPLORING



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by

G. P. Putnam's Sons

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Made in the United States of America

To
DEAR MOTHER
WITH A HEART FULL OF LOVE

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Part of the material in this book has appeared in the *Youth's Companion*.

It makes me very happy to have this chance of expressing my gratitude to Mr. Harford Powell, Jr., editor of the *Youth's Companion*. When I wrote him of our intended adventure, he kindly advised me to have my eyes wide open and keep a daily journal. That's how I got my chance to tell other boys and girls about our wonderful outing. I hope to meet him some day soon and thank him. He has been a good adviser to me, a boy all unknown to him.

R. C. N.



FOREWORD

ROBERT has been lost just once. He was two years old then. We found him waist deep trying to extricate his pet lamb "Cinderella," and the baaing flock, from a swamp. We live on a farm in the Catskill Mountains by the headwaters of the Delaware River. An earlier Robert North, soldier of the Revolution, first sought out these forest-clad acres.

Since that day with the sheep young Robert has been my quiet, dependable helper. At six he began to drive the hay rake, at nine to make the loads. In our work together we have talked over possible mountain trips—then taken them afoot, packs on our backs,

FOREWORD

always enjoying ourselves the more because of the work we had just completed.

As a little chap Robert began a savings account, his source of income the sale of pedigree collie pups. At ten, along with four other youngsters, he added to his account by renting an eighth of an acre and raising potatoes. He works with me, he can work with others. He does not neglect his studies. We have read together a lot, fine, worth-while books—and talked them over.

In the background with us, always, has been a Great Adventure—a real, roughing-it outing, without guides, into a Canadian wilderness, a trying-out foretaste of downright exploring. It's in the blood. For Robert is a lineal descendant of that Jonathan Carver who in 1766-8 traveled into "the interior parts of North America" acquiring data later used by Lewis and Clark; of Ebenezer Carter, who, in 1704, at the age of six, was taken a captive into Canada by the Indians, after the



Robert Early Tended the Sheep.

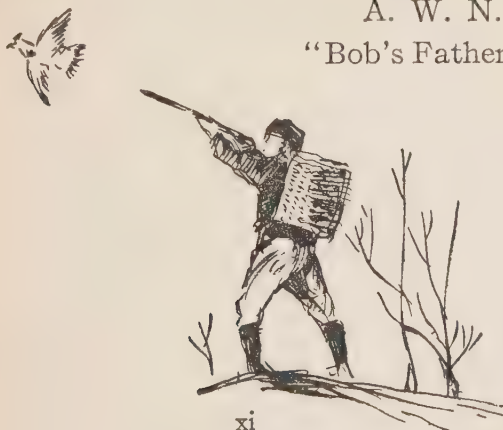
FOREWORD

Deerfield Massacre; of Parson Dewey and Silas Walbridge, pioneers of Bennington, up in the Green Mountains; of Robert North and Joshua Pine who, in 1785, explored the upper waters of the Delaware; and of Priscilla Alden of the *Mayflower*.

Of the one most important of all, his Mother, Robert himself will speak, for this is the lad's own book, the true journal of our pioneer expedition. Every word he wrote himself, much of it as we moved through the Bush, at times chilled half through.

A. W. N.

"Bob's Father."

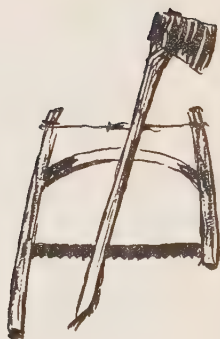




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GOING IN





CHAPTER I

GOING IN

*F*RIDAY, *October 22, 1926.* The train has started. At last our great adventure has begun, but Father and I are silent for we have said good-bye to Mother and Mary for weeks.

The engine is buckling down to business. We are now passing through our own premises and there well along the mountain slope above us are the maple and beech woods where I learned my first lessons in outdoor living. There, almost hidden by the foliage, is the bungalow where I was born and within is the big inviting fireplace over which hung Father's

BOB NORTH STARTS EXPLORING

long rifle. Only now it is right here in its case by my side.

In my earliest recollections I played before the fireplace on a big moose skin. Where did it come from? I would ask Father or Mother.

"From Canada," always was the answer.

Father had killed the moose with the big rifle: that was a thrilling story that continued on to the bringing out of the hide on an Indian's sled drawn by his dog team. I would ask countless questions about the Indian, Jim Chief, and his dog sled and Annette, his little papoose.

I early made a resolution to see Canada and have Jim Chief take on his dog sled the moose which I would kill. The promise was made that as soon as I was as tall as the mantelpiece, I could take the trip. To my young eyes the mantelpiece looked like the Washington monument.

For the longest time it seemed to me I didn't



Before I was Born, Mother had been Among the Indians in Canada.

GOING IN

grow a bit. Finally, one day when I ran up to the fireplace—which I did very often—to my excitement I found that I lacked just scant inches of the top of the mantel. Soon after this, however, a baby sister arrived which, of course, considerably upset Canadian plans.

I tried my best to assure my parents I could go alone. They naturally didn't agree since I was only four years old, though very big to my way of thinking. Since my very earliest recollections, I have had ten long years to wait, but now my dreams have come true.

Three years ago my father set October 14, 1926, as the date for the start. On a three years' schedule we are only eight days late. Can these few days matter?

Some hours have passed and we are traveling on the Empire State train. It certainly passes through empire cities: Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo. Then a long time ago there was the primitive empire here, the Iroquois with their six nations.

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

Utica, at least, is familiar to me for year after year we have passed through the city on our way to long hikes through remote sections of the Adirondacks.

More hours. At last we are in Canada. Now we are passing the old battlefield of Chippewa. Here and at near by Lundy's Lane, the volunteers from my native mountain county fought so heroically in 1814 under our own brave Leavenworth against veterans trained by Wellington, himself.

An occurrence at Chippewa has been handed down in our family. Just before the battle Leavenworth's battalion was joined by a company of raw recruits, raftsmen from the upper Delaware River. General Scott tried to drill them. They couldn't understand his simplest commands. The next morning Leavenworth placed them off to one side and later when every rifle was needed he rode over to them hurriedly. There they stood where he had stationed them, each man by himself,

GOING IN

some yards from his neighbor, coolly aiming and firing with deadly accuracy, heedless of commands and unconcerned by the racket about them.

We have just arrived at Toronto and checked our luggage. It is late Friday night. We have a room at a hotel near the station. Every one here says "Sir." It sounds more polite than most American salutations. And though the moment we crossed into Canada, officials began questioning us, they were polite about it. At Bridgeburg—the old Ft. Erie blown up in the War of 1812—we had to make a cash deposit with the customs office on our guns and then on the train other customs agents peered into our luggage while an immigrant inspector mildly inquired our citizenship.

Saturday, October 23, 1926. This morning we saw the Toronto University campus and visited the Parliament Buildings to look at maps and secure hunting licenses. Every one was pleasant.

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

Toronto's streets are not wide. We have been about them shopping all day and are now back at the hotel with provision purchases and our baggage. We name in advance this day of dodging traffic the hardest of the trip. The train goes in about half an hour.

In old days Toronto was called York. Here it was that General Zebulon Pike was killed in an assault during the War of 1812. He was only a young man and already had a great record as an American explorer. I remember when we climbed Mt. Marcy in the Adirondacks Father said that Pike's Peak, way out in the Rockies, had been named and ascended years before any white man had made the top of Mt. Tehawus, or figured out Mt. Marcy for its name.

We are at the station waiting for the west bound train which is late. There are all sorts of people about. From every direction come hunters in mackinaws, joyous chaps with close fitting visored caps and with cased guns

GOING IN

swinging athwart from their shoulders. There is a family of Austrians from the old country. Here is a Scotchman asleep from the effects of firewater. Now he wakes up drowsily, takes off his shoes and tries his best to turn them inside out. Not succeeding, he turns his hat around sideways on his head and throws his shoes under the seat and tries to think up a way to perform his feat. There is a negro preacher with a cowboy from Manitoba next to him. Here is an Indian, there a Japanese and two Chinamen are shaking hands. Here as on the sidewalks today are brave spirited cripples, reminders of Mons, Ypres and the Somme.

Sunday, October 24, 1926. We are on a west bound Canadian National train now. I just woke up from a sound night's sleep. About us is a low country covered with several inches of snow. Rocks and lakes are everywhere with scattered mastlike jackpines telling their black story of forest fires. Fellow passengers

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

are talking of a gold rush at Red Lake, a wilderness point a couple of hundred miles east of Winnipeg, and of prospectors going in from the railroad by aeroplane at a fare of three hundred dollars. Wouldn't they be more certain of that much pay dirt if they kept the fare bills down in their pockets!

We visit with a crippled Canadian vet, just out from additional treatment in the Christie Hospital at Toronto, and are interested by his tales of Ontario forests.

As we pass north of Lake Nipigon we recall an article we saw last January in the *Literary Digest*. It told of the proposal of a Canadian engineer, a Mr. Lorne Campbell, to dam the Ogoki and Albany rivers, thus forming of the country we are planning to enter a lake serving as a storage reserve supply for the Great Lakes to which the waters would be led by a canal which he would have constructed coming down to Nipigon which drains into Lake Superior.

GOING IN

I can dream of that, for I am going to turn in early.

Monday, October 25, 1926. In the middle of the night we arrived at Bucke nearly a thousand miles northwest of Toronto and our last post before leaving civilization. When I mentioned this distance from Toronto to a fellow passenger last evening, he shook his head, saying, "Can't be so, boy. You'll be at the North Pole, before you are through."

The station agent was flustered, being wakened in the night. We could not find our baggage and the question was, Had the train men put it off? We had awakened the agent, I have said. After searching for a time we found the lost outfit on a steep slope below the railroad embankment. Unstrapping our blankets, we spread them on the floor of the little waiting room of the flag station and went to sleep. It was zero weather. Before so very long father woke me up to see the Northern Lights. They were so many tremb-

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

ling spears of lovely soft grey light against the blue sky. And how biting the outdoor air was!

By daylight we looked about curiously. Just a switch track, several tethered barking dogs, a station, section house, Hudson's Bay Company's store, a couple of small cottages and three or four log huts inhabited by Indians. From one of these latter came a thickset redman, who, on seeing Father, smiled all over. They shook hands like long parted brothers. They had hunted together in 1913.

In reply to Father's queries, Mr. Indian smilingly said, "Oldest boy die month ago. Got plenty more, five left." Jim Chief is still alive, little Annette is now a fine young squaw but handsome young David was killed overseas.

An obliging sectionman with a good looking wife provided us with breakfast and to our disappointment we learned that a few weeks



Jim Chief's Dog Team.

GOING IN

ago gold was discovered right on the edge of our planned hunting ground. This is annoying.

After breakfast Father visited the store while I enjoyed his Indian friend's huge interest in the folding canoe. Standing in front of the bundle as it leaned against the station he suddenly realized that this twelve foot canoe did not exceed his height. He giggled all over just like any girl in my room at school—and he a big powerful Indian. Then he picked up my pack—just a small Adirondack wicker basket made by Indians down in Pennsylvania. He put it down. It did not interest him.

Then he studied over Father's Norwegian *bergan meis*. Here was a strange contraption. Mr. Indian put his arms through the shoulder straps and when the padded aluminum prongs rested on his hips he understood. How he smiled! He walked a few steps, then ran some rods and trotted back, giggling again like

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

my seventh grade girl classmates. I like him.

Presently Father came out of the store with a few final provision purchases. Thanks to the section boss, these and our outfit and ourselves traveled by handcar over a mile to a small lake where we were to embark. About the last person I saw near the flag station was a little half breed, perhaps five years old, a serious faced, good looking sonny, who was staring after us inquiringly. The last person I saw as we pulled out into the lake was a returning prospector who had aided us assemble the canoe.

“Well, it does take to the water, after all!” he exclaimed heartily, not begrudging approval despite successive minutes of criticism.

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE





CHAPTER II

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

*M*ONDAY, *October 25, 1926* (continued).
Leaving at our left a point of land marked by an Indian tepee, we are now well up the lake, Father at the oars and I steering and paddling a bit. Our canoe, weighing perhaps sixty-five pounds, rides light and just slips over the water. Besides my seventy-three pounds weight and Father's one hundred and fifty, we have one hundred and ten pounds general outfit and seventy-five pounds provisions (flour, cornmeal, dried fruit, bacon, salt pork, beans, sugar, rice,

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

salt, lard, cereal, maple syrup, hard tack, bovril and baking powder).

We are heading up the first of a series of lakes in northern Thunder Bay District, northern Ontario. There are neither roads, settlers, saw mills, cut over lands or clearings in this section. It is rarely visited except by Indian trappers for the Hudson's Bay Company. It is a region still mainly a blank space on the map. Though a Canadian wilderness is water, forest and muskeg, the Canadians refer to it as "The Bush."

I am sitting tight with perhaps a tenth of an inch of canvas between me and ice water, but I am burning with excitement. We are in "The Bush." We have no guide, for though Father believes them right for folks unaccustomed to the woods or with a short vacation and anxious for game, he takes enjoyment in finding his own way about. So here we two are alone, already searching for the first portage. Be assured here



Recent Survey Markers.

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

there will be no posted signs. The shores are covered with dead and fallen timber, speckled with white birch and dark jackpine, a country entirely different from that in New York state. The shore line is dented with bays, green with muskeg or swamp land.

Finally, to get to the portage which we find reaching back from a small bay, we have to break through an obstinate surface of ice. Father already begins to worry over the eight days' belated start. These portages, made ages ago by the Indians, are interesting land trails between water ways. I got a lively ruffed partridge on this, my first one. But portages mean work. I'll spell that WORK

With packs on our backs we walked along a rough, rocky, up and down worn trail of a third of a mile to another lake where we selected a camp site, cut boughs for our bed and put up our little tent. Then we returned

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

for a second load and finally toted the canoe half way over. Then I hurried ahead to make a fire and start supper while Father brought along the balance of our outfit in the dark, for the woods were twilight by four o'clock and pitch dark half an hour later. At last, I am actually camped in Canada's wilds!

Tuesday, October 26, 1926. This morning early we were greeted by several neat, pretty, friendly birds with grey vests, black wings, grey-black collar and black caps, stockings and shoes. They were about the size of a robin and most inquisitive as to our food supply. They were whiskey jacks, or camp thieves, but not so bad as their names, for they merely picked up crumbs and scraps. Their eyes, round as can be, are very pretty.

By daylight our camp site proved a beautiful spot on a bluff just above a pretty bay. But all the further end of the bay was frozen over, so after breakfast and the breaking of

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

camp Father cut a club with which to smash ice. However, just as we were pushing from shore we heard voices and looking down the bay saw a sixteen foot canoe with two men, the one in the bow a strapping fellow, club in hand. How he did lay about him at the ice!

We awaited them. They proved to be Dominion Topographical men, who while passing had quickly staked out some mining claims by Lake Savant. Father pointed out our camp site and the big fellow rushed off into the bush, axe in hand, presently returning with a supply of dry wood. They were interested in our outing and when father said I was growing so fast that a four weeks school vacation seemed right, the big fellow answered, "Bob, keep your eyes open and you will learn more in these four weeks than in four years at school."

Then he and his companion wrote out—and gave me these writings,

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

Oct. 26, 1926.

This is to certify that I, P. C. Campbell, met Bob North and his father just entering Harris Lake. Bound for the North.

P. C. CAMPBELL.

Winnipeg, Man.

Of the J. W. Pierce.

Topographical Survey,
of Canada. Ottawa.

Met Bob North heading north from Harris Lake, accompanied by his father. Ice an inch thick in bay at end of portage. (Oct. 26-26).

Both in good spirits.

W. HAYWARD.

They showed us some aeroplane pictures of the country beyond us saying much was unsurveyed and I will be the first white boy, if not man, to enter it. They explained little three foot posts with crossed splinters of wood at the top which we had seen as being recent survey marks.

We said good-bye, first scribbling off and giving them to mail letters to Mother and



Camp Just Beyond the Height of Land.

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Sister. We followed their canoe course. Presently we were out on the main lake, expanding to a three mile width. Father was rowing and to allow play for his oars as well as to balance weights, much of the outfit was crowded down my way so I sat in the stern, pretty well hedged in, gazing about. Many pretty wooded islands were near and along the shores were unburned masses of cedar, pine, spruce and the ghostly white birch without any leaves now.

I looked at my wrist watch. At school it was time for geography class. This brought to my mind the thought of many millions of boys many of whom would enjoy being here. I love this solitude and nature better than city life. I am getting this now at eleven. How much of it I hope may be before me! I love the wilderness and would like to live in it.

“The fact that our ancestors were men and women of noble and honorable character and of

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

fine courageous lives places upon us an obligation to prove ourselves worthy of these ancestors."

That was written recently by the Red Cross worker, Miss Mabel Boardman, a distant relative. I have never met her, but I am glad our ancestors liked pioneer regions and I will try and do my part in the wilderness. Father killed his first deer at fourteen. Then he cared most for the killing, now he loves to go into the woods just to be in them. Mother's father went out with the Vermont volunteers at eighteen and was a captain at twenty when he was wounded leading a charge in the Wilderness. At sixteen in the Revolutionary War Robert North was in battle against Hessians and the Black Watch.

"Robert, are you taking in your surroundings? Have you looked behind you so as to get the approaching view? You will want it in mind when we look up this portage on our return." Father was speaking "Why do you

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

not jot down in your pocket notebook what you see?"

A journal probably is a fine thing, but living what is about you is so much more interesting than writing.

In the early afternoon I saw in the woods to the left a mite of a log cabin. Father said we might stop there. Once ashore I found an Indian child's bow and a queer small axe. Within the cabin were blackened stones for a fireplace, a smoke hole overhead in the roof, clean dry boughs on the earth floor and stretching boards for drying small hides. Plainly it was an Ojibway trapper's shelter.

"Let's fire these out the window," said Father, pointing to a caribou's foot, a moose leg and the skeleton of a mink. "And then this cabin will be habitable and less like a museum of natural history."

There being no sash across the window space, the specimens went out quickly and soon we were in possession for the afternoon

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

and night. Already flakes of snow were falling and a cabin with a fire seemed inviting. Also, it was Father's fifty-second birthday and the event should be celebrated.

There seems to be a knack in enjoying an unchimneyed open fire within a cabin. If you are humble it is O.K. If you grow proud and arise, the smoke suffocates you.

Twice this afternoon canoes have sped by, each with two occupants, prospectors hastening toward Savant Lake. They are young, venturesome looking chaps and not the red shirted, armed-to-the-teeth variety of the movie and some story books.

In honor of Father's birthday we have enjoyed broiled partridge and rice with maple syrup. After supper he began reading aloud Marryat's *Phantom Ship*, a book his mother read to him in California forty years ago, and her father to her years earlier in Tangiers. As he read we heard the long howl of a timber wolf from across the lake and he said it would

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

be great if wolves howled when he read the last chapters. Father fell asleep about eight o'clock and then I read a while to myself. Yesterday in portaging he got his feet wet and the night being cold did not sleep any too well, I fear. Fortunately we have a rubber sod cloth to put under our blankets. This morning, in spite of a big pile of cedar boughs, I noticed the under side of this sod cloth was white with frost which had come right up from the muskeg.

Wednesday, October 27, 1926. I slept over a bit this morning. After breakfast we continued our way up the lake, presently finding ice which we broke with oar butts. This lake is about six miles long and its upper end is shaped like Italy's boot in the geographies.

After an hour's advance we looked at the left for the portage, but found merely frozen bays and old Indian tepee poles and signs of a moose kill. What big legs they have! Next, we rowed over to the right, finding a

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

newly cut portage way through the cedars and muskeg. Just as we had landed here and unloaded the canoe, we heard voices and there appeared two young prospectors, one on shore carrying a pack, the other hopping along on thin ice, pushing a cedar canoe before him. They excitably told us of finding free gold the size of one's thumb. Father wrote a hasty home letter for them to take out. They wished us luck, saying it was pretty tough weather for a boy. I am a boy, but I wouldn't miss this excitement, weather or no weather. At the further end of this new portage, I cooked bacon and rice while Father brought over the outfit. Of course, first I helped with the canoe which he carries inverted over his shoulders while I steady the bow and serve as eyes.

At the outset of the main portage here, there is a steep pull. This is that dotted line on the maps marked *Height of Land*, waters flowing beyond finding their way into Hudson



An Ojibway Trapper's Shelter.

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

Bay. After getting the canoe over the main portage, perhaps a third of a mile long and very attractive with fine spruce and white birch, we camped at a wonderful site on the further side and I fixed supper while Father packed over the outfit. Supper disposed of, Father read more chapters from *The Phantom Ship*. It is a great story of the supernatural. Early this morning wolves were howling on one side of the lake and foxes barking back from the other side. They are at it again.

Thursday, October 28, 1926. After a peaceful night's sleep and sharing our breakfast with Whiskey Jack and his friends, a bold friendly crew, ready to come within a foot of us at sight of crumbs and meat, we shot at the mark. We are near the game country and this is our last chance to practice. After we had used the twenty-two repeater, Father took his big rifle from its case and screwed it together.

Years ago Mr. Browning, the famous

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

inventor, in his shop at Ogden picked out for Father this long barreled, 30-40, box magazine, model of 1895. Mother named it "Uncle Abe," seeing it was gaunt and long and reliable. It is a take down Winchester, weighing about ten pounds and having great shocking power. When Father shot a moose in this country thirteen years ago with "Uncle Abe," the shock tumbled the bull over nearly ten feet. Some of the long cartridges left in his belt that day over a year before I was born stuck tightly there this morning. Kneeling down I had my first shot with "Uncle Abe," blazing away and to my delight barking a cedar a hundred steps away. The long gun did not kick and though there was a great jar I found it shot easily like Mother's twenty-two repeater I am carrying.

Father greatly approves of a twenty-two as a provider of small game, calling it a useful "bread and butter gun." It's lucky we have this twenty-two along for we haven't a single

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

fishhook. These waters are alive with fish but Father isn't strong on fishing. He says he just loved the sport until at about ten, when he was fishing on Putah Creek, in California, a fishhook got jammed into a finger and stayed there hours. At last it was cut out in the presence of a village crowd. Everyone was nudging everyone else and whispering "now watch him yell" so Father got hopping mad and for spite didn't yell. But the not letting off steam hurt worse than ever and he never after cared much for fishing.

When I was little, mother helped me catch my first fish out of our brook on the farm at home. Her brother and father loved fishing. For that matter, just last month my uncle out in California, father's brother caught a record salmon in the Klamath river. Indeed, as a lot I guess the family has always just hankered after fishing. At home we have two little pewter plates that Father is mighty

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

proud of. It seems the day our people first made camp by the Delaware River—that was in May, 1785—the then Robert North caught a great mess of trout which his young wife, Elizabeth Carter North, cooked and served on these pewter plates. Somehow, I think great-great grandmother must have hashed them up, or else they were small fish. Anyway, the old plates are little. A Pine ancestor of mine, for whom a brook near Walton is named, kept tally of his trout catches from the time he was about six until just before his death when past ninety. Toward the last they say he landed pretty small fry, but the wardens winked at that for he was such a game old fisherman.

I am letting this fish account stretch along for people are sure to inquire about the fishing. Anyway, everybody loves a fish story. The streams about our home at Walton have always been famous for trout. About eighty years ago, Mr. Willis, then the great American

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

editor, visited our family. Father's father at that time was a boy in his teens and always slipping off after trout so when the visitor wanted to fish he was turned over to grandfather. Mr. Willis caught so many trout that he wrote a great account of Walton, where even yet the fine mountains are beautiful with their forests, saying it was like the cup of a water lily.¹ Father is ready to admit that next time we are on such an outing as this, we must carry along some hooks and lines. Then I will get busy and try to live up to the general family record.

While we were shooting we heard the weirdest noise. Father thought it sounded like a barking dog with a sore throat. To me it was like a wheezy automobile horn. A big awkward bird came into sight, flying low

¹ In June, 1849, N. P. Willis, then dean of American letters, wrote: "Walton sits on a knee of the Delaware, with mountains folding it in, like the cup of a water lily. The horizon, scalloped by the summits upon the sky, is like nothing so much as the beautiful thing I speak of—the rim of the water lily's cup when half blown."—EDITOR.

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

among the tree tops. He was the noisy one. We decided he might be a sort of a cousin of the now rare Adirondack loon.

The bay before our camp was covered with ice but locating open water at a point an eighth of a mile distant, we portaged there and then set forth on our third, a lake of many islands. An hour's brisk row brought us to the other end where there are several bays.

Landing at a point where there had been an Indian tepee, we made a small fire and cooked a bite. Right by the fire I picked up a paint brush, doubtless used by some Indians in canoe repair work. Next, on the opposite shore of the lake we noticed a large blue canoe, turned upside down. Rowing over to the canoe, we found three Dominion prospectors, Irishmen, in a big tent with a folding stove. Though we had just dined we accepted their invitation to eat with them brown beans, bread and jam. They tell us that last June a Canadian, named Potter, discovered free gold



At Our Left an Indian Tepee.

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE

just east of Lake Savant and in August a Marylander, named Crawford, found gold bearing quartz there and already rich ore has been taken out and claims staked right and left.

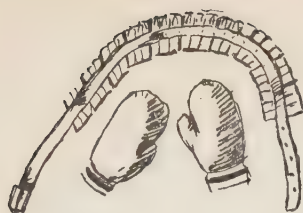
It's tough luck. Here Lake Savant, though noted on the eighteenth century map of Alexander Mackenzie, has remained quiet and undisturbed all these years and then, just a few days ahead of our coming, in enter the crowd. Gold, gold, gold!

Though most inquisitive, the miners proved friendly. Somewhat slyly we have utilized their candles, Father volunteering to read aloud in their tent in return for their hospitality. Thus we have this evening advanced several chapters of *The Phantom Ship* before retiring to our nearby tent.



DOWN TIMBER AND OBSTINATE ICE





CHAPTER III

DOWN TIMBER AND OBSTINATE ICE

FRIDAY, *October 29, 1926.* First thing this morning I heard a quick beating of wings and snatching up the twenty-two Father dropped a fat partridge from the top of a nearby spruce. One of the prospectors came hurriedly over, admiring the bird. He said they were to complete their claim staking during the day and would be going tomorrow forenoon. They agreed to take out letters for us. The coming of miners has somewhat affected our plans. To avoid the crowd Father has now decided that we will build a log cabin by a small lake some three or four

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

hours travel northwest of here, and from the cabin as headquarters hunt and explore thereabouts. Acting on this idea, we rowed across the bay this morning with fifteen pounds in my pack and eighty-five in Father's, though of this amount I did not then know. Axe, wedge, nails and extra provisions made up much of this load. We had our rifles and two small blankets against the possibility of being caught out overnight . . . From the further side of the bay we worked our way into a narrow arm beyond and there beached the canoe. Then presently we found an old Indian portage trail which in a quarter of a mile, or less, brought us along the west shore of a long spindling lake the surface of which was frozen. An eighth of a mile along the west shore brought us to a miner's claim corner post with a blazed line running in our westerly direction. Penciled writing on the post showed the claim had been marked by the claimant under a miner's license about ten



Bob Breaking a Passage in the Ice.

DOWN TIMBER AND OBSTINATE ICE

days before. We were thirty minutes covering the eleven chains (one-seventh of a mile) to the next smoothed tree post. This was because of fallen timber. Apparently a forest fire had been followed by a severe wind storm, uprooting the blackened masts. To get on was like climbing over any number of fences and the fallen stuff was jumbled every which way. Going was yet harder because undergrowth had sprung up. We were constantly twisting our bodies and bending our knees. Fortunately for me I had on heavy clothing that broke the fall. Father, however, having a heavy pack had put on light whipcord breeches for ease in walking. The blazes gave out in half a mile but we kept on determined to find our objective lake. Presently from a rise of ground we saw far off a couple of lakes which reminded us of an aeroplane picture shown us of a group of lakes in unexplored region hereabouts. We kept on and about 3 P.M. reached the south end of a

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

lake, after a heartbreaking walk measured by step after step and hour after hour, not by the miles. And such a game country: fresh moose and caribou sign everywhere and overhead the whirring of duck's wings. But what use to us? If we shot a caribou, we could not carry out ten pounds of meat. Indeed, to bring in the balance of our outfit would require two days for each load.

Shortly after we arrived at this lake, snow began falling and not having the tent we hastily cut down a lot of eight foot jack pine saplings, making a tepee. Into this we have crowded with our packs, two small blankets and a single poncho. Father is cooking over a large fire just before the narrow entrance. We are tired, we are in for a hard night, timber wolves are howling, tomorrow's return over fallen timber with snow and ice on it will be tough—yet we are in a wild, unexplored region, I am glad we are here—and I am glad Mother can't see where we are.

DOWN TIMBER AND OBSTINATE ICE

Saturday and Sunday, October 30-31, 1926.

Saturday morning we awakened early with four or five inches of snow on the ground. Some, of course, had come through to our blankets, melting there from the warmth of our bodies beneath. Father said the snow eased up in the night and then the weather grew colder. To keep warm for breakfast we ate bacon and bacon fat with boiled rice. Then we started out rapidly on our return journey and I had a stomach ache, but even for aches you can't stop in the snow covered down timber. By taking my rifle Father helped out. Later, overbalanced by his pack he had several falls, and finally he sank down in muskeg bog, soaking himself to his waist. We didn't make any fuss or say much, but just plugged along sort of desperately, the hours going by being the record that we were making some advance. About 2 P.M., we were back at the narrow little lake and here we left my pack with some hardware from Father's. By

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this time his clothing was frozen stiff as boards and whenever he stopped walking his teeth chattered and he shook and shivered. He has gone through pneumonia and typhoid and broken bones in his experiences and now pneumonia again or congestion seemed likely. Somehow we made the old portage trail and back to the canoe. In fifteen minutes Father had rowed to camp. There I hurriedly built a roaring fire and relieved him of frozen clothing, getting out his heavier wear and making him get between the blankets. The prospectors had gone, tent and all, but they had kindly left for us some toast, jam, cooked bacon and a loaf of bread. They must have left Friday for in the fresh snow there were no tracks.

I am writing all this Sunday. We slept eleven hours last night, not getting up this morning until 8 o'clock. We are taking it easy for we are stiff all over, sore in the knees and weary. We've had a Sunday prayer



Plugged Along Sort of Desperately Over the Snow-Covered Down Timber.

DOWN TIMBER AND OBSTINATE ICE

and read a chapter out of our pocket Testament. Also we've rejoiced together over getting out so well yesterday. Today, from where we left the canoe to our camp the water is frozen. If it had been so yesterday what would we have done, exhausted as we were at the end of our trip! A congenial pair we have visited together and eaten hungrily of hot cakes and maple syrup, beans with plenty of the soup and with hardtack in it, and stewed peaches with plenty of the juice. We have talked over the rest of our outing, changing the location of that prospective log shack of ours. Also, we have talked over other trips. When I am bigger and heavier and can pack more, we can strike through most anywhere together. Finally, we have read aloud from *The Phantom Ship* which grows more and more interesting.

Monday, November 1, 1926. Last night we certainly made up the overdrafts on our reserves of endurance and energy, for crawling

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into our blankets at 5 P.M., Father slept thirteen hours and I an hour more. He hasn't done such sleeping since he was a child. Now we are fit again save only that since Saturday we each have a frosted foot and Father has the ends of all his fingers nipped.

After breakfast we set forth in the canoe, breaking, with sharp blows of a pole, a narrow passage across the arm of the lake. After this fashion what we had rowed over in five minutes we now worked our way across in two hours and ten minutes. Landing, we walked to the narrow little lake recovering my pack cached there and returning by dusk, elated at this chore being done.

We now hate down timber. It's one of the two things of which we've been wary all the time. When we were about to start for Canada, many people said it was dreadful for Father to take me into such a wilderness roughing it. They'd talk about wolves and

DOWN TIMBER AND OBSTINATE ICE

Indians and our getting lost. Father wouldn't argue much, but he explained to me that I must be desperately careful not to go through some hole in the ice and not to break a leg by falling on a slippery rock or in down timber. As to the alarming bogies: Nothing would suit us better than a bit of shooting at wolves, but they will skulk out of sight. In the past Father has made out well with Indians of different tribes and as for getting lost, we both have good bumps of locality and if given time can count on working our way out.

Again at camp, we turned to cooking and enjoyed a supper of delicious stewed partridge and broth with which ships biscuit and dehydrated potatoes had been nicely cooked, losing their cement hardness and attaining fine flavor and filling qualities. Having eaten, we talked over the next meal and then made definite plans.

Since the down timber over by our big game paradise hinders our making camp

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there, we will move further south tomorrow before we are caught entirely in ice here. Were it not for the belated start from New York, Father knows a way by which we could go to Savant Lake, then slip around westerly through narrow waterways to the other side of the bad timber and get after the game. But Savant is a great big lake so it won't freeze for some time while the narrow arms and bays are now closed to canoes. Still we are having a fine time as it is and there will be another year for the game.

Today, while looking for a pair of stockings, I found carefully folded our hand towels. I had been thinking of Mother at the time and so thought at once of the pleasure with which she would observe their neat appearance.

Tuesday, November 2, 1926. Last night I slept a long time. When I awoke a plateful of hot cakes and maple syrup awaited me. My, weren't they good! They were followed



Had to Make a Channel Through the Ice.

DOWN TIMBER AND OBSTINATE ICE

by rice and cereal. Father said he had arisen early, being awakened by a noise as if a million crickets were chirping. It was the freezing of the lake.

After breakfast we broke camp, packed the canoe and set forth. In an hour we had smashed our way along yesterday's channel which had frozen over during the night. We now passed easily through a bit of open water and then ran into an ice field three quarters of an inch or more thick. Before this to break the ice we had used a club about three inches in diameter at the butt. Now, kneeling in the bow Father swung a small axe, first cutting at the right before him a slot a foot and a half to two feet in length, then a parallel one three feet to the left of the first one, finally with flatted axe blade smashing out the section between and calling out to me, "Paddle ahead a foot or so, Robert." Sometimes large cakes of broken off ice got in our way and required further smashing before

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the current—in a lot of places here it is strong—drew them out of sight.

Our course was toward the entrance of the bay into the open water of the main lake. To hew our narrow passage-way a mere quarter of a mile through ice—much of it was beautifully rainbow hued—from three-quarters of an inch to an inch in thickness took us over two hours. I tell you we welcomed the open water! Father's back was tired but the paddling had been such slow work that I had read a sort of Bible story leaflet given me by an official in the Toronto Parliament building.

At 2 P.M., we landed on the eastern cape where old tepee poles were a plain sign of a former Indian camp. It is a wonderful spot, with open landing, trees and a perfect view of the beautiful lake. I climbed to the top of the tepee frame—tall pine poles stood up bell shaped—and found the upper ends so interwoven that though tied together only by

DOWN TIMBER AND OBSTINATE ICE

an old strip of rag, the frame seemed strong enough to hold up several hundred pounds.

While I was up the tepee, Father was looking down the lake admiring the view. The day was clear, the sun shining brightly and the lake with its islands and shores all covered with trees certainly is beautiful. Next we turned from tepees and views and gathered wood, started a fire, hacked down a big armful of boughs for our bed and pitched the little tent. Then we enjoyed a belated dinner and laid plans for a late supper.

Today, I got to thinking further about those hand-towels. Perhaps after all Mother wouldn't be so pleased over their neatness. Anyway, after talking it over with Father, we heated water, hunted up the hand soap and cleaned up until I didn't recognize Father and I guess he didn't know me. My right hand didn't know my left.

We've read more chapters from *The Phantom Ship*, eaten a late supper, definitely

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decided we can't add the Albany River to our trip this year and talked about vice-presidents. Well, perhaps we can make the Albany next year. We only recall 17 V-Ps.





Just Before the Teepee Poles We Pitched Our Open Tent.

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP





CHAPTER IV

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP

*W*EDNESDAY, November 3, 1926. This morning we had cereal and more good flapjacks. The cakes were as good as ever even though yesterday the package of prepared flour was used up and Father made these from a mixture prepared himself.

After breakfast we rowed westerly a ways and landing hunted for an hour but the scorched down timber repelled us. So we turned back and packing up resumed our southern journey. The sun came out but the water was rough. The current was against us. The waves came up to the gunwale of

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

the canoe and dashes of water broke across the bow. The little craft is so light it travels faster than ordinary, but now Father had to work at the oars. I used the paddle. Only I really play with it. It is fun to use it like a rudder. If you turn it too quickly, it rocks the boat all over.

As we approached the south end of the lake we kept our eyes on the west shore for a good place to build a cabin. A gnarled old cedar, bending out over the water, drew our attention to a fine site where there was a rock landing, jackpines of a size for building and a bit of level ground. Whiskey jacks were on hand to greet us.

Making a landing, we quickly had a fire burning and the lance tooth bucksaw put together. We went right to work. First, we selected trees nearby, of a size we could handle and which probably would not lodge in falling. Next Father notched the trunks on the sides he wished them to fall and then

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP

we began sawing. A bucksaw is a one man machine but the two of us handled it most readily so that within two hours time we had felled five trees and sawed out twelve building logs for a house 6 ft. by 9.

One tree lodged and we could not pry out the butt end so as to make it fall. We slipped it down, however, by sawing off the butt at a sharp diagonal up four feet from the ground. This is my second experience with log shack building for Father and Mother and I put in several days each of two successive summers in the Adirondacks, erecting a log cabin much larger than this.

After these trees were down there were boughs a plenty and we pitched our tent, spread boughs for our bed and had supper. Then came *The Phantom Ship*. I had hoped we'd complete it tonight but Father was firm, stopping three chapters short and leaving them for tomorrow evening—and leaving me to journal writing. ,

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

Today, Father asked me particularly about my journal. I've been thinking over what he said. Is it going to be useful to remind me of things for another trip. Seems to me I will remember everything anyway, but certainly I haven't listed our provisions, or described my clothing or mentioned afterthoughts we've had.

"Is it written so that one unfamiliar could read it with understanding?" I guess there are days to which I had better add some details.

Now, I will begin on the provisions. Here is our list: 15 lbs. white flour; 4 lbs. cornmeal flour; 3 lbs. small white beans; 2 lbs. rice; 3 lbs. bacon; 2 lbs. fat mess pork; 3 lbs. hardtack; 2 packages dehydrated potatoes; 2 ditto carrots; 2 packages wheatena; 1 package pancake flour; 2 cans powdered milk; 6 small cakes sweet chocolate; 3 lbs. dried prunes; 8 lbs. dried peaches; 1 qt. maple syrup; two 4 oz. bottles Bovril soup extract, 1 can baking



Bob Journal-Writing—with an Eye to the Stew.

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP

powder; 3 lbs. sugar; 3 lbs. salt; 1 lb. crisco; 1 jar marmalade. We are to be out three weeks. Apparently we will have salt, flour and milk powder to spare and could use a bit more syrup, also bacon and some brown beans.

Thursday, November 4, 1926. Last night was cold and a light snow fell early. This morning after breakfast we took a more leisurely view of our location. Just above and back from the fine rock landing with its pretty cedar there is a moss and earth clad ledge about twenty-five or thirty feet wide and extending along the lake one hundred and fifty feet. This ledge is covered with tall jackpine. Back of it is quite a steep bank. Here on the ledge in front of the rotting poles of an old Indian tepee and nearby a recently cut survey stick with its crossed splinters our cabin is located.

It is a fine eerie spot. The light snow fall being promising we took a short hunt

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

today. Almost immediately we found a fresh deer trail which we followed across the south portage trail to the east of the lake into a most beautiful open wooded country. After over two hours pursuit up and down the hills of the Height of Land in this fine forest, we retraced our steps, not wishing to be caught by darkness away from camp.

On our return we cooked a big meal, eating nobly of bacon and beans. Then came *The Phantom Ship*, its thrilling chapters coming to a close tonight. Since I was a little chap, winter evenings Father has read aloud to me books he has chosen and at the finishing of the book I have had to tell something about it.

Of *The Phantom Ship*, therefore, I will say that it is a supernatural story of the sea written by Captain Marryat in 1838. The plot is made on the old sailors' legend that a Dutch sea captain was punished by being taken at his word when he swore he would get around the Cape of Good Hope though it

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP

took him to the Day of Judgment. The time of the story is the seventeenth century.

Philip Vanderdecken and Amine his wife are the interesting and fearless hero and heroine. One of the most exciting parts is where Father Vanderdecken visits his wife and delivers a mysterious letter after he is a phantom. Another unusually interesting part is the werewolf story told by the mate Kranz. *The Phantom Ship* is one of the most interesting books I have ever read.

Friday, November 5, 1926.

In a long past year, ere the spring was awake,
I built me a hut by a northern lake;
The logs I measured and hauled and hewed
Ere the leaves were aflame in the Autumn wood.
I raised and mortised them close and well
And I finished the roof when the first snow fell.

Old Canadian Fragment.

This morning on looking out we found the lake nearly all frozen over and the tree tops

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hoar with frost. I do not notice the nights much, but Father's frosted foot kept him awake some and he said last night was bitterly cold, a 20° below zero one and that the lake ice made most unusual creakings and groanings. A breakfast of hot cakes and hotter cereal early put warmth into us and then we went to work, Father on the house and I dividing my time between journal work and helping him. By afternoon the walls were five logs high, all notched mortised and spliced into place, the floor was level and dried out by moving fires about on it and within the enclosure of the walls the tent was set up with stones for a fireplace just before its entrance.

We turned from this work, after deciding to get the canoe over to the beginning of the portage trail before the ice got any thicker. I paddled and Father smashed and hacked a passage so that in an hour the canoe was upside down over across the bay from us.



Making a Hole in the Beans.

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP

Then we walked back along above the shore and have just finished a supper of beans and ships hardtack.

Now about clothes. With heavy shoes my feet got wet first day out. Then I put on high laced rubber arctics which are not comfortable but protect my feet. I wear one pair of ordinary stockings and over them a pair of heavy ones bound just below the knee. Until today I have worn summer underclothing. This morning I changed to medium weight.

I have on heavy mackinaw laced breeches, grey flannel shirt, chamois vest, heavy blue sweater and lumberman's jacket. I wear a reversible red cap with ear flaps. I have mittens—should have two pair for one is always getting wet or burned—and around my neck a bandana handkerchief. Except for some times when I've been idle in the canoe, I certainly keep warm, though I may look as bundled up and puffed out as a whiskey jack.

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Saturday, November 6, 1926. Less cold this morning. So we took things slowly and finally at 10 A.M., set out with our guns into the fine wooded country to the west. After we had traveled about an hour Father using his compass, we hit our own tracks. We had made a circle. Both compasses were now looked at. They didn't agree a bit. In fact they pointed almost in opposite directions. There is iron in some of the rock around here. Apparently we were in the midst of it.

We took a direction which we thought was west. All of a sudden we came to a lake. It was frozen solid so we walked on it slowly a ways by the shore and found it an arm of the lake to the south of us and that by crossing where it entered the lake we would find the portage trail. The whole lake as far as we could see was frozen over.

We held a consultation and decided we'd better get our things over here and travel down this lake to the little Ojibway cabin

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP

before a further fall of snow made hard traveling. Then each picking up a long pole from the brush we walked slowly over the ice to the portage trail and back to camp. The poles were for protection to put across the crack in case the ice broke with us.

At camp we got out our light Dutch oven—it's just 9 by 15 inches. You bury it in the coals with whatever you have to cook. Father made up some of the best biscuits, the first he'd made in fifteen years. With coals on top and sides of the oven, they cooked in eight minutes, coals just at the sides in twelve minutes. In honor of the biscuits we opened our one jar of English marmalade. It was a great dinner and for supper I cooked up a lot of beans and dehydrated potatoes and made good gravy from a small hunk of fat mess pork.

Between eatings we sawed out more logs and got them into our cabin walls. Perhaps another season we can roof the cabin. It has

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certainly kept out the cold wind from us at night.

Today we visited together a lot. It's funny sometimes all day we don't say much. We've never divided camp work but each sort of does what comes his way. Father rows, carries the heavier loads in portaging, pitches the tent, arranges the blankets, packs up, gets the larger wood and cooks breakfast. I carry my pack and light things, steer the canoe, cook cereals, dehydrated potatoes and beans, make fires and here I saw firewood. By using dry birch bark and dead pine twigs broken off the body of trees from under the foliage I get a good fire going quickly.

Sometimes we talk a lot. I've spoken about vice-presidents. Also, I have had Father tell me about congress and state legislatures, about various presidents and Mexico and the Inquisition, which takes a part in *The Phantom Ship*, and about the Mormons and California Vigilantees. Sometimes, too, we get silent

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP

spells and go along entirely satisfied hardly saying a word either of us.

We haven't seen anybody now for over a week. Surely we are in the wilderness!

Sunday, November 7, 1926.

Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
* * * * * in the darkling wood
He knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns.
These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not.
Though art there; Thou fillest
The solitude.

Last night was cooler. This morning we had corn meal in our hot cakes and it proved a good addition. Our maple syrup being nearly gone Father cooked some white sugar in boiling water and put it in with the remainder

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of our syrup, filling up the can. This will help. During and after breakfast a whiskey jack ventured very close, trying to get our mess pork. We tried to catch him but he was too quick.

Finally, I put the pork in the tent and presently in went Jack. We quickly closed up the front and caught him. I tied him with a fish line, one end to his leg, the other to a tree. Then we gave him biscuit crumbs, nibbles of pork and bacon rind. He would bite my hand as readily as the things we gave him.

We left Jack tied and packed some of our outfit over to the bay this side of the portage. Then, cutting down two limber, seventeen foot jack pines and stripping off the limbs, we placed the poles on the ice, parallel and forty two inches apart. Next cutting three birch cleats, we nailed one to hold the butt ends in place, another five feet further up and a third another five feet forward. On this



Getting Plenty of Fuel.

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP

travois we set the canoe with the packs in it. Then we got in between the poles ahead of the cross cleats, I in the lead, then Father, and picking up the limber shafts we pulled ahead. We got along up the bay to the beginning of the portage nicely, though the ice did creak a bit. We hope tonight will be very cold.

Today being Sunday before going over with the packs Father had read a chapter from St. Luke and we had said a prayer. Now on our way back we got to talking about the Inquisition again and churches and religion. Father said religious profession alone means nothing, but that right living is Christian no matter under what religious sect-label it happens. We talked of witch burning, High and Low Church (we are Episcopalians), cathedrals and missions among the Indians.

Father said a church like a political party could become too strong and set up and then its leaders in their power might go off wrongly.

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He spoke of Bryant's *Forest Hymn* and said God was as close here as in the biggest cathedral: he thought closer. He added he was a good deal of a fatalist, not entirely like the Persian in La Boulaye's *Abdallah* that he gave me last year to read, for he thought each person should feel that he was put in this world to do his best, just like the hustling frog.

In pouring water into his milk, the scheming milkman let in two frogs. The first one, finding himself floating in a small milk can, swam a bit, piously lifted up his front legs and drowned. The other frog, exclaiming, "Gee, whiz! Here's where I must hustle!" began jumping up and down at a great rate. The housewife that drew the first can found a drowned frog. The housewife that got the second saw a blinking frog sitting atop a pat of butter, his head safe above the water and butter-milk.

Talking this way we got near to camp again.

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP

Looking out on the lake we saw a most beautiful sky and an inky center of the lake. Then up from the lake came a most weird crackling and groaning of the ice.

At camp we found our captive whiskey jack gone. His friends must have formed a rescue party and untied the string that held him. Our supper included a liberal supply of biscuits baked in the oven in twelve minutes.

Warning cracklings as we walked on the ice this afternoon gave us misgivings and we are hoping for a cold night and no snow. It gives one shivers to have a crack start a hundred yards off in the ice and come creaking and cracking right by you in a jiffy. The clear sky and the stars and planets give promise of just the right night for more freezing.

Monday, November 8, 1926. Last night was the cold freezing one we wished and of all weird, supernatural noises none could equal the sounds made by the expanding and

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

hardening of the ice during the night. Even I was awakened and as I heard the dreadful groanings and moanings and then the whirr of the wind through the pines, I thought of werewolves and other fabled monsters and ghosts, of which I had read, all in a wild midnight fight here in the wilderness. I wonder what the Indians think of such dreadful sounds and what their thoughts are of the supernatural.

After a big breakfast we broke camp, packed up and at 10.45 A.M., were on the way. Three hours later all our outfit was on the south side of the portage where, under the shade of a clump of spruce, in the bitter cold we had a small fire and a quick lunch. Then at 2.30 P.M., after making a 19 foot travois, the other having been just too short for comfortable handling, we started southward on the lake.

We made about a mile an hour, there being just enough snow on the ice to make the

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP

travois hard to pull. When well out on the lake we saw a wonderfully beautiful sunset. There against the western horizon in a dip of the Height of Land was a fiery iceberg, twinkling and sparkling against the blue sky. Or was it a section of the forest the tree tops aflame with an ethereal light?

Reaching the further side of the lake at 4 P.M., we made camp among a few cedars on a rocky point marked by an old Indian tepee frame. Nearby, stuck in a splintered tree, was a fragment of birch bark marked with strange pothooks.

We have a big fire and plenty of fuel. The thermometer is way below zero and falling. We've had supper and I am crowding close to the fire. Father is within the tent trying to warm up our chilled blankets with a small heat of a folding candle lantern.

On the ice today we've carried with us a long pole. If the ice cracked under us, by switching the pole across the crack one could

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hang on and keep from going under. But of course if you got wet in the lake in this below zero weather, you'd be out of luck anyway.

It was exciting and interesting today to be way out on the surface of the lake walking. It was somewhat nervous business. We would hear a crack right under our feet and sometimes the cracks would look a quarter of an inch wide. Then I had the feeling the surface was going to part. Over most of the surface there was a little snow and where there was a crack this would be damp.

Tuesday, November 9, 1926. I felt the cold last night. Comparing the night with others we figured the temperature at 25 below zero. The thermometer, however, got broken. It's queer but every unusually beautiful sunset we've had has been followed either by a storm or a big cold. We had to heat water for mixing the cakes this morning and then in cooking they would not flop. We thought either the flour or baking powder got cooked



We had Whiskey-Jack Tied to a Stump.

HOUSE BUILDING AND THE FREEZE UP

and wouldn't act right. Of course we ate the cakes, though they were just scraped off the frying pan in fragments. They tasted all right.

Last evening we hacked a hole in the ice by the shore to get water. This morning we had to hack again with the axe for the water hole was covered with four inches of ice. This lake water is said to be bad for one's kidneys so we do not drink a lot the way we do at home with our fine Catskill mountain water.

Neither Father nor I drink coffee or tea and boiled water is tasteless stuff, so we are rather hard put. But we are not as thirsty here as we are at home and we make out with Bovril and the soup from the beans and the juice of the stewed peaches.

After breakfast we struck off easterly into the cold woods with our rifles, in the hope of striking caribou sign but saw nothing but a few deer tracks so we followed our tracks

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

back to camp. The woods were fine and the land rather hilly.

We quickly packed up our outfit, placed it in the canoe put the canoe on the travois again and taking our places in the limber shafts started slowly along southward. We now saw on the great ice floor countless "snow flowers." We first noticed these late yesterday. They seem to be just tufts of frost, rising up on the glare ice. They are light and feathery and very, very pretty. After some time we came near the little Ojibway cabin. I was looking ahead recognizing the narrows by the cabin, when suddenly I saw a moving object coming through the narrows. It was a long narrow toboggan with two men, the first we had seen since the 29th of last month.

PROSPECTORS AND INDIANS





CHAPTER V

PROSPECTORS AND INDIANS

THE toboggan was a fine one, about twelve feet long and just over a foot wide. It's two hundred pound load was well roped on. The draw rope was in the hands of an old squat man. The other man was pushing from behind with a long pole. He was tall and young. Both men were dressed warmly. The short man spoke first. They were Quebec prospectors going to the Lake Savant mines for a Canadian smelting company, with the right to stake out claims of their own. In Canada you have to have a state license to stake a claim.

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He wore store moccasins. He hadn't been able to get any Indian made, he said, and one of the new moccasins had ripped open all ready. The weather was terribly cold but the country fine and less muskeg and no cut over stuff like Quebec. We must look out for a bit of open water southward in the middle of the lake.

The men were so friendly that Father told them of a place where we had seen outcroppings of ore. While he and the old man were talking, the young fellow drew peculiar figures in the snow with one foot. I examined the toboggan. It was made by Canadian canoe manufacturers. The old prospector looked me over, and grinning kindly said, "Son, this is a great trip for a healthy boy. It will make you reliant, a real man. May I dance at your wedding!"

He and I stood of a height. I'm within half an inch of five feet. But my, his powerful breadth and broad shoulders!



The Old Prospector Looked Me Over and Said, "Son, May I Dance at Your Wedding!"

PROSPECTORS AND INDIANS

Exchanging good wishes, we all said good-bye, and went on our ways. Presently we reached the little cabin. Just by it, nailed to a tree was a small board marked with the same queer pothooks we saw on the birch bark yesterday. As the little cabin was just as we had left it October 26th, we pitched our tent inside, got in some wood and started a fire.

Except for a trip out tomorrow, we are to stay here quietly several days so I can write out journal notes and Father make a hand sled. In the meantime the open water will freeze up. This evening we began reading *Atlantis* an interesting book with lots of notes, telling of the time before the flood and of the lost continent sunk in the Atlantic ocean.

Wednesday, November 10, 1926. Early this morning I noticed two men with guns walking along near the shore of the bay opposite our cabin. Presently we went down the bay to look them up. Before we got far we saw a youthful figure jump out of the bush and wave

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to us. He had an axe in his hand and evidently was cutting wood. We now saw they were Indians, the young fellow being perhaps seventeen or eighteen, the other twice that age.

The young fellow wore a cap, a dark sweater, dark trousers under blue overalls and moccasins bound about his ankles. The other was dressed about the same, only he had a stiff visored cap. Each had a Winchester rifle, a sharp axe and a sack. They were starting a fire. The young fellow was particularly fine looking.

We spoke to them and the older man did not seem to understand, but the boy smiled and replied in broken English. His name was Gourdonne and his father was Tom (the Indian with whom Father once hunted caribou). We asked his age. He said "Seventeen, eighteen, maybe nineteen." Father recognized him at once and told him how he knew him thirteen years ago at Kashaweagama.

PROSPECTORS AND INDIANS

Then the young Indian smiled from ear to ear, and we left them to their fire and traps.

Next, placing the empty canoe on the travois, we pulled it rapidly to the south end of the lake, leaving it near a portage while we hurried onto the next lake and thence along the railroad to our flag station. Here we wrote and mailed home letters.

The agent at the station was now very friendly and his wife gave us a warm lunch. At a table with us was Mr. Potter, the man who discovered the Lake Savant gold. He was an energetic appearing man of perhaps fifty-five, a regular old timer from the Klondike where he said he had handled millions for the Guggenheims.

He was most friendly. He said that yesterday he saw by a point of land a lot of furry legs trotting along over the ice. Getting nearer he saw the legs belonged to a mother lynx and four half grown kittens. They scampered away. He was now waiting for

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

mail and Friday would return our way with his dogs. It took a week for letters to arrive from New York.

"Bob," he said, "if I was going to live my life over again, I'd never be a prospector. It's a hard life with too many bitter disappointments."

At the Hudson's Bay Company's store we bought a quart of maple syrup, a couple of loaves of bread, some bacon and a can of peaches, then started rapidly northward.

At the end of the first portage we came upon a young Indian driver with a heavily loaded toboggan drawn by five fine looking dogs. The right forward side of his toboggan was splintered and he had a new dog in his team. We helped him over a rough knoll, as we did so noticing a cocked Savage rifle lashed on top of his load.

As the brave dogs threw themselves against their collars and we pushed, the toboggan moved forward and the Indian sprang on it,



Helped the Young Indian with his Heavily Loaded Toboggan.

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his body at the left to keep the high narrow load from upsetting. The dogs were hitched tandem. Another moment they were on the ice. He rushed ahead, calling to his team. The dogs yelped and barked and tore after him. His course was to the right, ours to the left. He ran with long easy strides, never slowing up on the three mile stretch that he covered before our eyes. Then he and his team disappeared around a point of land.

On our part we walked rapidly forward, for stray stars and a quarter of a new moon were showing overhead, and just at dark reached the little cabin again. What a supper we've had with bacon, beans, canned peaches, real bread and a cake of sweet chocolate!

Thursday, November 11, 1926. Snowed last night. This morning we got down a white birch tree and sawed out three six foot logs to make a sled. Then we went into the woods with our rifles but soon returned, seeing no fresh tracks. The rest of the day we spent

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in the cabin, Father reading aloud a bit at first and then I worked on my journal.

About half past six we heard footsteps just outside the door. They came up so quietly we both knew our visitors were Indians. By his slight grunt, I recognized Gourdonne. Father opened the door. Outside it was quite dark but we made out the two Indian trappers of yesterday morning.

They came in and were enveloped in smoke. They did not know about escaping it by bending quickly and the result was they were almost crying immediately from the smoke. Father made signs for them to sit down and shut the door, for the cold air came in. They squatted down and closed the door. Gourdonne was as smiling as ever, the older man was just as glum and solemn.

Father reached for the fry pan and bacon and asked if they wanted something to eat. The young Indian replied, "Maybee."

Presently the bacon was ready and Father

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added hardtack for each. They didn't know what to make of the hardtack but ate it down quickly. There was a long silence.

Then Father spoke. "You want to sleep here. Plenty room in cabin."

"No," was the answer.

"Where you sleep tonight?" inquired Father.

"Bucke," answered Gourdonne.

Then for the first time he spoke first.

"Deer out here," he said.

"Big deer?" inquired Father.

"No," came the answer. Another long silence broken by Father.

"Let's see."

In a second they were both up and out the door, we two following. On the ice by our water hole was a two point buck, what the prospectors call a red deer. They are quite numerous hereabouts and only about half the size of our Adirondack deer.

In about thirty seconds the Indians had

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skinned out a hind leg, cut it off with a hunting knife and given us this fine piece of venison. Gourdonne refused any payment pointing to his mate as the one who had killed the deer. They had two cords tied to the antlers. Each Indian now took hold of a cord and off they went down the lake and into the darkness, on the run.

Friday, November 12, 1926. Today I've worked over my journal notes and eaten a lot of tender venison slices, cooked in a coating of cornmeal. Father, with some help, has hewn out the birch logs, making three inch-thick boards. It has taken him over six hours. A saw mill would have done the work in two minutes.

We cooked up a fine dinner for Mr. Potter, but he did not appear. At dusk we thought we heard dogs barking down the lake and I ran across the bay and beyond the point opposite our camp and kept on for over a mile, but as the barking did not grow nearer

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I turned back. At the point I met Father following my tracks somewhat concerned over the thought of my running into a pack of half wild dogs.

We went in together both laughing, for there we had been parading around in the dark, alone, neither enough concerned to carry a rifle. And I guess neither of us worry over the supernatural or the dark.

Saturday, November 13, 1926. Thinking of the days and days we saw no one, this has been a crowded one—and exciting and interesting. Right after breakfast we had quite a discussion as to what kind of a sled to make, Father having a toboggan in mind while I urged a sled with runners for without tools a toboggan would be difficult to make. Finally, he said he'd concede to me for I was growing up with sliding while he was born in California and didn't use sleds in his boyhood.

Then I went out of the cabin to look over his boards and hearing a noise looked up above

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the narrows and saw a whole troop of men pulling little hand sleds, heavily loaded. Instead of traveling through the narrows they pulled right among the trees and came out in front of our camp. Altogether there were seven of them with six sleds. One man had a little black dog riding on his sled.

They were prospectors who had struck it rich over by Lake Savant. They had rich specimens of quartz with them and I saw some of their gold. They were associates of Potter. They gave us their names, Marston, McCray, Wood—I did not get the others. They had staked their claims, got together rich quartz and were going out until spring.

Two of them working together had made a sled about seven feet long which they handled together. Each of the others had his own sled, and all were different in design. They were a joyous lot. They lined up for Father to take a picture from which they said he must decide whose sled was the best.



They Were Prospectors with Gold Quartz on Their Sleds.

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A short, fat prospector had been the last in. He was puffing and blowing at a great rate. The man with the dog cried out, "Rover, boy. You'll have a golden kennel and a golden plate with a bone on it all the time. No more scraps, eh, Rover boy?"

One big fellow threw himself down flat and drank heartily from our water hole in the ice. Their sleds carried solid, heavy loads well lashed on. Here in Canada we have noticed that in carrying heavy packs they use tump lines, wide straps going across the forehead and reaching back to the pack. So these prospectors, in pulling their sleds, were bending forward, tump lines over their heads and straps reaching back to the front ends of their sled runners. Presently they were all under way, singing, joking and laughing, a kindly happy lot. Poor fellows, perhaps one will make his pile, or perhaps none. The actual prospector is seldom the one who wins out in mining

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Copying from the miners we made our sled from the hewed boards. It is $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and 14 inches wide, just two runners, held rigid by the boards at the top. It was some job to make it and we barely had nails enough. This work done we went into the cabin.

Just a few minutes later as I was coming out of the cabin I heard a noise back of me in the bush. Turning around I perceived not a hundred feet from me a fine looking buck staring at me. I rushed in for a gun, whispering to Father a deer was nearby. Blinded a bit by smoke we were perhaps half a minute in getting out. By that time the buck was out of sight. Father looked at the tracks and said my game left us taking fifteen foot jumps.

When Father came back he called to me—I was in the cabin—to build up the fire and stir the rice, for about a mile down the lake was a man coming our way and leading two dogs. It proved to be Mr. G. F. Potter, the

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prospector. We asked him to have dinner with us but he said he must hurry along and make Savant by night.

He was taking in with him two large fierce looking German Police dogs to guard his gold. He was most pleasant. We had a nice chat and Father took a picture of him, of me and of the dogs altogether on the ice. His parting words to me as he started briskly away, were "Well Robert, when I see you again I expect you will be a grown man."

"If you stay in this country you will see me next year," I answered.

Prospectors, deer, big dogs, gold; excitements seem to have sought our very door. It has certainly been a full, thrilling day.

Sunday, November 14, 1926. After breakfast we had a prayer and a chapter from the New Testament. Then we busied ourselves packing. While we were at this we saw a man approaching from across the wider portion of the lake. He walked with a long pole

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in his hand, occasionally tapping the ice before him. He said he had a concession to take fish out of one of the lakes with nets. That there were lake trout and all kinds of fine pickerel, white fish and the like hereabouts and he was brushing out a winter sled road on which to haul fish to the railroad for shipment to Toronto, Winnipeg and other places. He explained that he had several men working for him, including some Swedes and Indians, and used two dog teams for hauling supplies and fish.

The fisherman went on and Gourdonne was our next visitor. We told him we were leaving for him in the cabin some dried carrots, potatoes, some flour and salt and hardtack.

When we were alone Father started off with the sled and a light load to break trail across the lake for there were several inches of snow covering the prospectors' tracks. While he was gone I cooked some lunch and cleaned up dishes a bit.

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We seem to have lost our teaspoons and our nesting pails are rather black which is all right for the outside one but not the others. On Father's return we had lunch, then lashed our outfit on the new sled and set out rather slowly, for the pulling was hard. It was hard to realize that our outing was about over. I want to see Mother and Sister and to have a look at Argonne and Flossie, my Scotch collie dogs, and Flossie's puppies, and Nell, the goat, and Jim, my pet crow. But I would be satisfied if they would move up here, for I hate to leave.

We made a pretty straight course down the lake to an old portage of which we had not known before. This saved going around some twisting capes and into a winding bay. We portaged over to the beginning of the portage we had taken when traveling northward. Just at nightfall we pitched camp by a convenient pile of seasoned wood left by passing prospectors.

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Monday, November 15, 1926. This morning when I woke up it was raining and hailing. A poor outlook for moving out, but most of our days have been bright. There was some question with us as to whether we could make the railroad station for our 8.10 P.M. train eastward. Apparently it had rained much of the night and then hailed for there were about three inches of snow with a crust, not strong enough to hold the sled, yet it would lessen speed a lot.

By 7.30 A.M., fortunately, the rain let up and we had breakfast, packed up and then folded up the canoe, strapping it into a six-foot bundle. Next we struck out over a few rods of ice to the beginning of the portage where we had met the Topographical men three weeks before as we were going in.

My, what a lot we have experienced in those weeks! At the same spot we now met a stocky looking Indian, pack on his back. He spoke the best English of any redman we



We Made a Straight Course Down the Lake.

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have seen. He said that he was working for the man with the fishery concession. He, himself, was a Cree from Manitoba. Indians here were all Ojibways. Working with him were two Indians with teams, one of three and the other of five dogs.

He went on his way with the easy, springy walk all these Indians have and we labored along the portage. Presently, in the snow at our feet, we saw the only insect we have noted on this trip, a small, fearless spider, making *his* way along the portage as brave as you please. Be sure we did not hurt him.

After a while we had a portion of our outfit across the portage, another portion with the canoe half way over and we had nearly reached the half-way spot with the sled and the last load. Runners moved so hard, cutting through the soft crust, that Father took a roll from the sled and walked ahead, leaving me with the sled at the foot of a small rise. I waited for him and watched a little squirrel

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playing in a tree top and a whiskey jack down below looking for food.

Suddenly from just behind, I heard the soft tread of moccasin feet and turning around saw our smiling young Indian friend. Soon Father came back and greeted the Indian and then silently pulled ahead to the sled. We reached the half-way spot. Pointing to the folded bundle, Father said "Him my canoe."

Gourdonne's eyes nearly burst out of his head as he examined it.

"Heavee?" he asked as he lifted it. "No heavee," he murmured (it had been a decided burden to Father) and lifted it to his shoulder. "I go to Bucke tonight. I take it," he added and to our joy, away he went.

Now this was just what we wanted and we were very much relieved to have him take the canoe. Already it was getting colder and a sleet was falling. We now left our sled against a tree and carried its load on our backs to the further side of the portage where the

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balance of our outfit was. It seemed now that our trip was just about over and I felt badly to leave so soon this wonderful wilderness country, but by the time we got home we would have been away a month.

The Indian's tracks led down the lake and we followed with so much of our outfit as we could easily carry. When we first left the railroad we had seen a tepee on a point in this lake. Towards this the tracks now led and we followed. Our canoe was near the tepee. When we came up, Gourdonne came out smiling as usual. From what he said we gathered that he lived there with his squaw and three papooses. It seemed hard to think that this smiling boy had a squaw and three children of his own. (Perhaps he had taken over his dead brother's family. This thought came to us later as we talked it over together.)

Seeing an axe and small pile of wood before the tepee Father asked Gourdonne whether

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he had a saw—we had seen him admiring our bucksaw—and when he shook his head, Father said he could have our saw if he would return up the lake with us and help carry the rest of our outfit to Bucke.

Again he smilingly agreed and back we walked, on the way meeting a very fair man and two very blue eyed chubby faced boys in their teens. They did not answer our greetings. According to the Indian "He um Swede," doubtless the choppers working for the fishery man.

About dark we were back by the tepee with the last of our outfit. From it Father now took the saw, wire, nails, a file and hinges and screws and gave them to our helper. Then he went up to the tepee and handed in some flour and a mixing pan.

Next we three set out for Bucke, still over a mile distant. First we crossed a bit of ice, then followed as far as the railroad what must be a most ancient portage for the path-



The Sled Pulled Hard on the Soft Snow.

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way was full two feet below the level of the ground about us.

We were both now very tired. We had been carrying a lot all day. The trail seemed long and the final walk along the tracks yet longer. I know my legs felt as if they were in a vise. It seemed forever before we reached the flag station. The agent's kindly wife tried to persuade me to stay there but part of our outfit was behind and further I remembered the tepee and wanted to see the inside of it. So once more the three of us trudged along the tracks, Father and I first buying at the Hudson's Bay store a little candy or *Maskuscosee*, as the Ojibways call it.

Gourdonne walked ahead of us, proudly focusing here and there a new flashlight. Half way along, by flash and call he summoned a large young Indian whom he said was his brother. They walked ahead of us and led the way into the tepee. I tell you I was excited and glad to see it, and its warmth was

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welcome and so was sitting down for we were cold and tired.

The tepee was perhaps ten feet in diameter, about ten feet high in the center and very warm and neat. The pole frame, just such as we had been observing again and again, was covered with birch bark laid on the poles, the strips carefully sewed together and holes patched. On top, also, were skins of various animals, including the caribou. On the ground in the center was a small clean stove, which threw out much heat.

As you entered—first raising a flap which fell back by the weight of a cross stick—through the hole in front of the tepee, you noticed first a fine looking, clear cut, smiling squaw, really noble and dignified in her looks. Before her off to the left and also over to the right, well back from the center, were small blanket heaps. At first, aside from our companions and the squaw we could see no other persons. Then out of the blankets on my

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left came a shy, round smiling face. Next, just visible out of the heap of blankets at my right I saw several little brown feet. I advanced with a small bag of peppermint toward the face which developed a round mouth like a hungry baby bird and an expansive smile as little brown hands found a way into the bag of *Maskuscosee*.

Meantime Father was offering the other bag to the proprietors of the little feet. Finally the elders partook sparingly of the sweets, and then fell to amusing the papooses with various trinkets. The smoke from the stove went upward and through an open space immediately overhead. The warmth of the room was most comfortable. There were no bad odors nor were there cold draughts such as we had found in our log shacks. The ground floor was dry and spread with pine boughs, furs and blankets.

From a pile of finely split wood the squaw occasionally replenished the fire. At one side

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there was quite a supply of flour, salt and the like. Large slabs of fresh meat hung overhead near the smoke opening. Between poles and birchbark there were newly made gloves and moccasins but these they were unwilling to sell.

Presently Father pointed about and asked the Indians what they called their shelter: tepee, house, hogan, wigwam, wickiup. Gourdonne and his brother spoke right up, exclaiming "wig-waum" with the last syllable accented. This surprised us and showed we had been at fault in using the word tepee. We were much interested, too, for Jonathan Carver in his book mentioned that wigwaúm was the Chippeway's word for his house.

Now we had to arise and be going for time was flying.

As we reached the railroad embankment, with the two Indian brothers somewhat in the lead, Gourdonne came back to us. "Heavee?" he inquired, pointing to what Father was



A Cupid in Moccasins.

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carrying. Then, without further word he seized Father's pack and ran ahead just leaving us oars and a paddle to carry.

His brother meantime was dog-trotting ahead, the folded canoe under one arm. We reached the station tired and a bit cold with outer clothing frozen stiff like boards. But we did appreciate those kindly Indian lads. We said good-bye to them, got our outfit roped up and tagged for shipment, the agent helping us a great deal, we enjoyed a hot bite which his ever kind wife prepared for us and then out of the darkness from the west came not a dog team but a glaring whistling train and we climbed aboard, our hearts heavy at leaving the forests and lakes, the wonderful Canadian bush of northern Ontario.

HOME AGAIN





CHAPTER VI

HOME AGAIN

*T*UESDAY, *November 16th—Friday, November 19th, 1926.* Tuesday morning I woke up on the train. I looked out the window and saw a country almost free from snow. The water wasn't frozen either. The country wasn't as pretty as that we had left.

Our car had in one end a mite of a kitchen with a hot cooking stove where Father cooked venison, Bovril, rice, stewed peaches and hard-tack. We liked this better than going into the crowded dining room where we ate before. Tuesday morning Father read aloud from

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Atlantis and in the afternoon I wrote on my journal.

It is hard to write so steadily and to write up all my notes but Father says some day I will be glad to have done so. It was strange last night not to be sleeping on boughs. To-day Father is catching cold. We did not get colds or even bad cuts or bruises in the bush, just the frost nips that time. Father's finger tips are numb yet and his foot bothers him somewhat. . . .

We didn't travel Tuesday the same way we did before. Tuesday we passed Cochrane and the mining towns of Porcupine, Timmins and Cobalt, the places where so many of the miners we saw came from. . . . At a place called North Bay we left our train which was bound for Montreal and changed to one for Toronto.

At North Bay station there were lots of French and everyone talking it with their hands as well as tongue. There were some dead deer for the express car and they were



Mother was the First White Woman to Go into the Region.

HOME AGAIN

large like the Adirondack deer and not like the red deer we have been seeing. When another train was made up we went right on and to bed.

Canadians in our car had been talking a lot about the bigness of this railroad. It's the Canadian National, the same system as that we went from Toronto to Bucke, only a different line. They called it the biggest system in America. That may be, but they had to get an American to run it. He was an Indiana boy named Harry Thornton. He made his own way, studied at the University of Pennsylvania, became a railroad draughtsman and by and by president of the Long Island—Father thinks it was—railroad. Then a big English road needed bracing up and the directors came right to New York and got Mr. Thornton. He made good so well in England and during the war on the continent that the King made him a knight and now he is running this railroad. But he was an American boy,

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just the same, and got here by his own hard work.

Wednesday morning early we were in Toronto and hurrying over to the hotel found a letter from Mother. She and Mary were well and anxious to hear from us so Father sent a telegram right away. At the hotel I was weighed and seemed to have gained ten pounds.

After breakfast we went to a big department store where there was candy thirteen years ago that Mother especially liked and she isn't very keen on candy. Father eats more.

They were very obliging, the first clerk passing us to an older one and finally the department chief came on, but it seems fashions in candy change very fast and so Mother's favorite couldn't be had. Next we tried for a plum jam, and failed there too.

Then we hunted up a lumberman's jacket for Father for the coat with which he had started had become unfit for public wear be-

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cause of hard usage. These things settled, we headed for the big Toronto public library and spent most of the day there. . . .

In the bound files of the Toronto *Globe*, in the paper of December 15, 1913, at page 8, we found headlines and a long account about Father and Mother when they came through Toronto after being in the northern Bush, only it was most all about Mother for she was the first white woman to go into that region and it told how her ancestor Jonathan Carver had explored so much of America 150 years before.

I felt proud and excited and a lady nearby came up and looking over our shoulders said, "Oh, my boy, how splendid, you're mother the first woman to cross the Rocky Mountains!"

How old does she think mother is? Anyway the article wasn't about the Rockies at all.

Next Father began reading English ac-

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

counts of the Battle of Lundy's Lane and when he found acknowledgment that the Americans fought well because Scott and Leavenworth drilled them ten hours a day on tactics, he got excited for one of those books of tactics, dated 1794, is right in Walton, now.

We met the chief librarian and he had one of his assistants look up information about the Lake Savant-Albany river country, only there was practically none. Finally she got me a mining report which mentioned the Hudson's Bay post of Osnaburgh House, by the headwaters of the Albany. . . . For all the cold they can raise some turnips and potatoes there. The post was started in the eighteenth century.

Father says that once he read somewhere that in 1787 when our best men were working over the constitution a wild rumor came into the colonies that the Bishop of Osnaburgh, Duke of Albany and second son of King George

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III, was to be invited to come over and serve as the new nation's king. That was a crazy story but probably gives a line for the name Osnaburgh. In *Charles O' Malley* I read about the Duke of Albany.

We finally left the library and hurried to the depot, just getting the train for Buffalo. But we had to spend the night at Bridgeburg, Canada, for the Custom's official who had to make out the papers returning the money left on deposit for our guns was not about.

Thursday morning we got the money and went on to Buffalo. Next we took the train to Niagara Falls. Just before we reached Niagara someone pointed out a big boulder as the point where La Salle, after portaging eight miles to avoid rapids and falls, launched his craft into Lake Erie.

Eight miles portage! We've thought half a mile hard. The Falls sort of took our breath away. Father said they always impressed him that way. A pleasant young French-

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

English civil engineer looked over the Falls with us. We tried to imagine the feelings of some early explorer or Indian from the West, traveling by canoe and suddenly finding the vortex and drop before him.

Yesterday I was twelve and we forgot about it. I celebrated my third birthday near here, entertaining Father and some of his friends who were at Officers Training Camp at Ft. Niagara. Two of them never came back from the Argonne. Then when Mother took me to see Niagara Falls I told her they looked like the beaten white of eggs.

As we walked away from the railings above the Falls this time, a police officer called out to us, "No guns here." We were amazed. Then we all three laughed. Father's take down big rifle was in a shot gun case slung over his left shoulder. Right near us was a fine cock pheasant. The policeman was anxious or a joker.

When ancestor Carver wrote his book he



"Argonne" Did His Best to Talk.

HOME AGAIN

barely mentioned the Falls, saying they were too well known to require description from him. If that was so in 1768, perhaps I have already said too much about them!

From Niagara we returned to Buffalo and from there traveled by train to Utica, which we reached about 10 P.M. On the train we read the newspapers which we had not seen in weeks and a bit from *Atlantis*. On the Canadian train coming out we inquired who had been elected governor of New York. No one could tell us, though they all said the elections "in the States" as they call the United States, had gone wet. Finally one Englishman had said "Why, it was either Mr. Smith or Mr. Mills."

After spending the night at a Utica hotel we took the 8 o'clock train Friday morning and at noon reached Walton again. There at the station we were glad to see Mother and she was glad to see us and anxious to know all about the trip. We went right home

BOB NORTH GOES EXPLORING

and after kissing Mary and telling a bit about the trip I rushed out to the barn.

I found "Nell," the goat, just as bursting fat and "Jim" as black as ever. The pups had grown ten times their size when I left and "Flossie," their mother, was as fine as ever. All seemed glad to see me back. A bleat of greeting from "Nell," a prolonged caw from "Jim" and a loud bark from "Flossie."

But I hadn't seen "Argonne." I whistled a few sharp notes. I heard in the distance several roaring howls and soon at top speed came "Argonne." He nearly wagged his tail off its hinges. He tried his best to talk. He didn't keep quiet for an hour. He has always gone with me in the Adirondacks and I am not going to Canada again without him.

THE END



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Deric, of Mesa Verde, just David's age, was also one of the party, and both boys had a great time.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York

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